

## COMING TO JESUS.

Two little girls were coming home from Sunday-school, and during their walk they talked of what their teacher had said. It was about "coming to Jesus." The more they talked, the more perplexed they became; but on reaching their home, they at once went to their mother, and this is a part of the conversation which took place:

"Mamma, our teacher told us to-day that we must come to Jesus if we want to be saved. But how can I come to him if I cannot see him?"

"Did you not ask me to get you a drink of water last night?" replied the mother.

"Yes, mamma."

"Did you see me when you asked me?"

"No; but I knew that you would hear me and get it for me."

"Well, that is just the way to come to Jesus. We cannot see him, but we know that he is near us and hears every word we say, and that he will get us what we need."

## THE FOLLY OF SWEARING.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning With Grant," in the May *Century* says: While sitting with him at the camp-fire late one night, after everyone else had gone to bed, I said to him, "General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the rough and tumble of army service and frontier life, and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation." "Well, somehow or other, I never learned to swear," he replied. "When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to rouse a man's anger; and when a man flies into a passion his adversary who keeps cool always gets the better of him. In fact, I could never see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with many people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane; but, to say the least, it is a great waste of time."

## BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

In O-l-d you will find just letters three;  
In T-e-s-t-a-m-e-n-t just nine, you see.

Now place these letters side by side,  
And let them there in peace abide,

Then surely as the sun doth shine,  
You'll find you have just thirty-nine.

N-e-w T-e-s-t-a-m-e-n-t, will, let me see,  
Once more nine letters, once more three;

Your three by nine please multiply,  
And twenty-seven meets your eye;

And both the numbers you've obtained,  
And the right answer you have gained.

—*Sabbath-School Visitor.*

## The Christian Life.

## MY VISION.

ELEANOR AMERMAM SUTPHEN.

Weary I sought my pillow,  
The day had been full of care,  
And the burdens that lay upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear.  
Suddenly came a vision  
To me, as to men of old;  
In the wonderful hours of darkness  
I dreamed of the city of gold.  
I saw through a pearly gateway,  
Approaching the great white throne,  
A sorrowing band of pilgrims  
Each bearing his burden alone.  
Angels stood ready to help them,  
But heedless the pilgrims passed;  
Till, footsore, and faint, and weary,  
They came to the throne at last.  
Prostrate they fell before him,  
The merciful, loving king.  
Who had bidden the heavy laden  
Their burdens all to him to bring.  
He with sweet comfort blessed them,  
But I wept as they left the throne;  
For each had resumed his burden,  
And bore it again alone.

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I awoke, understood the vision;  
In the darkness I knelt in prayer.  
I carried my burden to Jesus,  
And trusting, I left it there.  
Pilgrim, so worn with the journey,  
Disheartened, and weary, and sore;  
Go carry your burden to Jesus,  
And leave it with him evermore.

—Forward.

## A TOUCHING PICTURE.

It was bed time for the little ones. All over the great city and in the quiet country places white-robed children were kneeling before the Throne of the Father, to tell Him their loving words at the close of the day.

Beside a little white crib two children knelt. They were in a stranger's house, for their dear mother was lying very ill in their once happy home. It must have been a beautiful sight for "the angels who always behold the face of the Father," to look upon.

The elder sister breathed the evening prayer she had learned at the Christian mother's knee. Then she repeated the words for the baby sister to say, for mamma had just begun to teach the wee one how to pray to the Father. The elder sister was afraid the little Gladys might forget the mamma's early teachings. When the infant prayer had been lisped by the sweet baby voice, the golden-headed sister whispered, "Let us ask God to make dear mamma well."

Those that overheard that whisper looked with doubtful faces and tearful eyes on the bended heads. They were practically motherless then, in the judgment of finite

minds. But the prayers were said, and soon the children slept peacefully and with that trust in their hearts that childhood never questions, and that older hearts so often long for.

A week of anxiety and then the danger was over. Mamma was going to get well again, to be given back from the very gates of death to those little ones who needed her so much. And the children said, "We asked God to make mamma well and He heard our prayer and He is going to do what we asked Him."

What a beautiful teaching of faith was this, a lesson those little ones will keep in their hearts so long as they live.

What a great blessing to them that they had a mother who had taught them so early in life how to pray.

There is nothing that can take the place of a consecrated Christian mother to make the life of children full of trust and faith, for what we learn in childhood at the mother's knee abides with us forever.

—S. T. P., in the *Evangelist*.

## THE PRAYER OVERHEARD.

As Rev. Henry Bromley, a city missionary in Brooklyn, N. Y., was one day passing through a dark hill in a tumble-down tenement house, he saw through a broken door a woman and three children sitting at a bare table, on which there was only a loaf of bread.

As he paused an instant, arrested by the evident indications of refinement in the quiet little group, they all bowed their heads and repeated in concert:

God bless our going out, nor less  
Our coming in, and make them sure.  
God bless our daily bread, and bless  
Whate'er we do, whate'er endure;  
In death unto His peace awake us,  
And heirs of His salvation make us.

The visitor's eyes were dimmed with tears as he made his way down the uncertain stairs. A few hours later, at a supper in the conference-room of the church with which he was connected, he was called upon to "ask a blessing." With the scene in the chamber of poverty fresh in his mind, he repeated Prince Albert's translation of a German hymn, as the poor woman and her children had done over their half-dime loaf; and afterward he related the incident of the afternoon.

All the persons at the table listened with attention and interest, but a stranger in the city, who had come in with a business acquaintance by what seemed the merest chance, was so impressed by the story that he could not keep silence. He approached Mr. Bromley, and inquired particularly as to the appearance of the family, and if they lived far away.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Bromley. "By a